

High Art and Hairpins

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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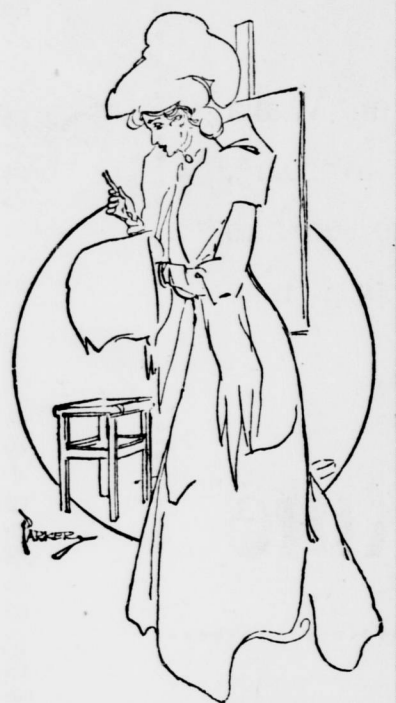
"Mr. Asquith is out by himself yet," said the tailor who had his shop on the ground floor of — Washington square. He held the door half open, and Helene paused with one foot on the narrow flight of stairs leading to the studio. She was frankly disappointed to have come so far for nothing. She hesitated, glancing back doubtfully at the waiting cab.

"Did he say when he would be back?"

"He not ever say when," answered the tailor positively, with sweeping Hungarian assertion. "He goes, then he comes again. The door is open."

"Then I think that I shall wait," Helene smiled with sudden pleasure. "I am sure he will come soon. He must have expected me and left the door open."

"Sure he must," agreed the tailor cordially. It was entirely probable. If there had been the slightest chance of



IT WAS MERELY A HAIRPIN.

the descent of such a radiant young goddess as this he had no doubt but what Mr. Asquith lived in a state of perpetual expectancy.

Helene went quickly upstairs. At the second flight there was no landing. The top step ended abruptly at a door, and the ceiling sloped in an angle to meet the top of the door. She lifted the old fashioned latch and looked in, her heart beating faster. The studio was empty.

For an instant she hesitated. She had never been in his studio. It seemed like an intrusion into some intimate, personal part of his life in which she, with all his love for her, had no share.

But because of that very privacy she wanted to intrude. She wanted to see how he lived, here in his own little den where he did his work, the work that was to win him fame and fortune before the world, the den where he dreamed his dreams of the future in which she had so great a share.

She pushed the door farther open, lifted her soft light skirt of silk higher from the dusty stair and went into the studio, closing the door after her.

It was a half celled attic, the nearest approach to a Parisian atelier that Asquith could find in New York. There was a skylight in the high peaked roof, and wide, heavy cross beams visible to the naked eye marked the eaves line.

There was no burlap on the walls, no Turkish rugs on the floor, no Dutch shelves nor steins, not even a taboret or samovar. It was simply a workshop. A huge black walnut easel stood crosswise, facing the north light. Before it stood a rush bottomed chair and a low table littered with brushes, paint tubes and half mixed colors. A dingy, well daubed blouse lay over the back of the chair and a pipe half smoked rested on the easel ledge. Helene saw it all at one glance and laughed joyously, tremulously. She had never felt herself so near to him as now. What a boy he was, after all, and how funny he must look in that old blouse. She sat down in the rush bottomed chair and leaned her head back against the sleeve of the blouse.

The walls were bare except for half finished charcoal and pen and ink studies, with here and there a water color. The black and white studies were strange to her, but the landscapes all bore the same straggling signature, Hugh Asquith.

That was all. Not a single Venus, not a cast of anything in sight. Asquith was strictly a landscape artist and did not paint the figure. Vaguely she had been pleased that he did not. Of course if one were devoted to art and must paint the figure, then one must have models, and models must necessarily be beautiful, and—

Right there Helene's logic ended, but it was sufficient. She was glad that Asquith was a landscape artist and did not require any model save old Mother Nature.

She drew off her long mousquetaire gloves with a sigh of content. On the third finger of her left hand sparkled a diamond. It had been there over a month now. With a sudden impulse as the gloves slipped to the floor she pressed the ring against her lips. It stood for so much—more than a mere engagement. They had known each other a

long time, two seasons, and she had met him every winter at dinners and swell dances. But this summer it had been different. Asquith said it was fate. Helene thought it the most delicious bit of maneuvering love had ever managed.

The rest of the family had gone to Europe. Helene had hesitated. Between an automobile tour of Brittany and the Baltic coast and a quiet summer with her married cousin at Larchmont she had chosen Larchmont. Asquith was a member of the yacht club at Larchmont. Every morning from the broad veranda at Bayview cottage she could see him out on the rocks, sketching before sunrise.

They were splendid rocks, huge, gaunt and gray; they rose raggedly from the water at low tide, like the bodies of some submerged sea monsters. One could walk to them easily, stepping over little pools left by the tide and stray strands of seaweed, and one morning Helene walked to them, slim and sweet and fresh as the dawn in her white dress and white low shoes. It was the shoes that did it. When Asquith turned at her call for help he found her standing in one of the pools, and the white shoes were ruined.

Helene glanced up at the wall. A little water color hung near her, some gray rocks in a rose tinted sea, with a bit of salt marsh in the foreground. She smiled at it happily. They had sat up there together that morning, and she had taken off her shoes and stockings—the precious ruined shoes and stockings—and that had been all.

And Asquith had said it was fate. She laughed again. He was such a boy, after all. She stopped to pick up her gloves and stopped short to look at something lying on the floor at her feet. It was merely a hairpin. She picked it up and looked at it curiously. Her own hairpins were brown tortoise shell ones to match her hair. This one was gold, a small, insidious gold wire affair, very cheap and very dainty.

The laugh was gone from her lips. In its place was a look of wonderment, of almost fear. There had been a woman in Hugh's studio, a woman with blond hair, who wore gold wire hairpins, who dropped gold wire hairpins around promiscuously. And Hugh had told her he never painted the figure. More than that, he had told her that no one knew of his den in the attic except herself and a few close friends. He had no patrons, no buyers of pictures, because as yet he had never sold any. All of his relatives were in Europe too. If the hairpin did not belong to a model, whom did it belong to?

With a sudden fierce impulse, she threw the hairpin away from her. It fell with a tiny clink against the wall. Almost instantly she had repented. After all, it was purely a personal affair with Hugh, in which she had no part. He had not expected her to visit his studio. She had no right to resent another element of femininity which she had found there. Even if he did have models it was probably necessary. All artists had to study from life sooner or later. But was it necessary that they should have hair that matched gold hairpins?

She arose and crossed the room to where the hairpin had fallen. For a moment she held it in her hand irresolute. Then slowly she laid it on his table, and beside it she left the new solitaire ring. It would be enough. She knew that he would understand. As she turned to the door her eyes filled with a sudden rush of blinding tears, and as she felt for the latch it lifted and the door opened.

It was not Asquith. On the landing outside stood a girl, plump, rosy cheeked and red haired, holding up her skirts in one hand and a pail of scrub water in the other.

"Oh, I thought Mr. Asquith was home," she said apologetically. "I just cleaned up his place, ma'am, and I guess I lost one of my hairpins. It's a little wire one, but I need it to keep my pug up tight."

"I laid it on the table," said Helene gently. The girl set the pail down on the stairs and secured the hairpin, fastening up her tumbling red curls with it deftly.

"Thank you, ma'am," she called as she went downstairs, and Helene went back to the table and slipped the ring in its old place just as Asquith came up the stairs.

Booth and the Fish Line.

Of Edwin Booth Mr. Whitney relates the following anecdote: "In fishing he would exhibit the impetuosity of a Petrichio, and this cost me several rods, which broke into smithereens over small trout. He got in one day from a neighboring town a new, fairly good bamboo fly rod, which I assisted him in setting up, arranging the reel and line and pliable soaked leader, and left him afterward noosing on a scarlet fish. The rod was lying on the dining room table. I was no sooner out of the rooms on the porch when I heard a tremendous rumpus in the dining room and, entering, found Booth flying about the room like a madman. He had left his fly hanging over the side of the table, which the half grown family cat present, seeing, struck at with its paw, which the sharp hook caught in, and the frightened cat bolted under the table with rapid speed, breaking the rod tip and dragging the rod after, while Booth, crying 'Scat, cat!' had no effect on the now crazed feline, which he was following after in great excitement at high pressure with adjectives of singular note. The sequel of this was the escape of the cat with the gaudy fly well hooked in its foot, and a well smashed up rod. I was too much convulsed, with the others drawn in by the commotion, to render any aid, and Booth soon joined in with our laughter, confessing that his fishing experience was a failure and that he would not have any more of it."—Forrest and Stream.

EASTERNERS TO HELP FAIR

Farmer Residents of Trans-Mississippi Region Promise Aid For Yukon Exposition.

SEATTLE, Dec. 5.—Former residents of states east of the Rocky Mountains now residing in Washington are showing their patriotism by organizing state societies to help the fair. Fourteen such organizations have been formed so far with headquarters in this city, and others will be formed until nearly every eastern and middle-west state is represented.

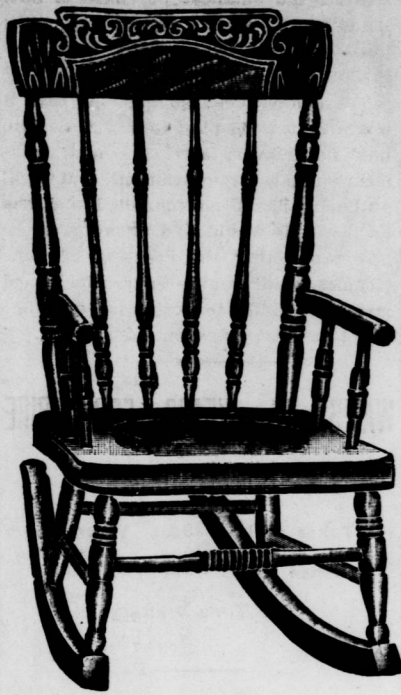
The state societies have several objects, principal among which is the securing of appropriations for state representation. Major T. S. Clarkson, the exposition's commissioner, has visited the governors of the commonwealths and has found everywhere he has gone intense interest in the big fair which is to be held at Seattle in 1909. It is thought that with the assistance of former citizens who now call Washington home, the legislatures will be made to see the advantage in being represented in the Pacific world's fair, and that generous appropriations for the erection of buildings and the collection and installation of interesting displays will be secured without difficulty. The present prospects are that at least \$1,000,000 will be spent by the participating commonwealths.

The state societies are taking up the exposition with the lawmakers by correspondence, the members writing to the senators and assemblymen whom they personally know. The societies hold regular meetings, which are well attended and which have proved pleasant from a social standpoint.

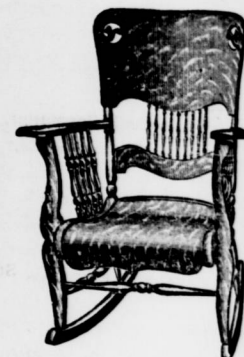
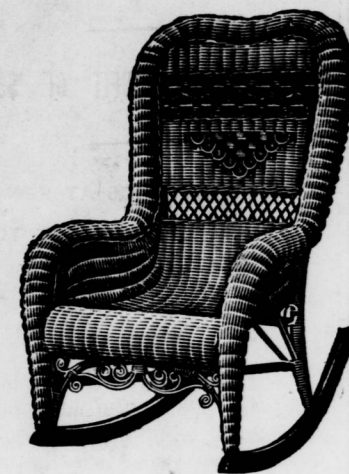
It is the plan of the societies to have headquarters in their respective buildings during the exposition where they will entertain visitors from their home state. Registers, giving the name and addresses of all former residents of the commonwealths now living in Washington, will be kept so that visitors may look up old friends.

Among the state societies so far formed are Colorado, New York, Massachusetts, Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Dixie (the whole south), Minnesota, Indiana, New Jersey and Iowa.

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